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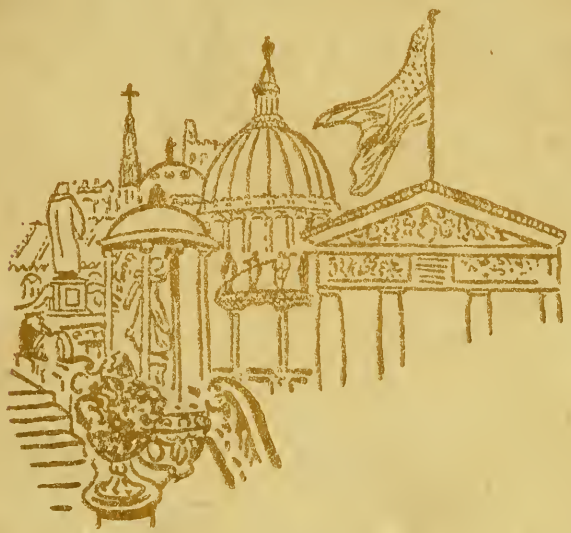

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Rachel Tongate Beck

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THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

A TRIBUTE TO THE CAPITAL OF
THE UNITED STATES

BY

RACHEL TONGATE BECK

Illustrations By
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The City Beautiful

THE spirit of seventy-six foretold
The upbuild of this great stronghold.

Wise manhood linked the chain of laws,
That bind men in a common cause.

Moved by the patriotic cry,
"Sink or swim, live or die",

And Patrick Henry's shibboleth,
"Give me liberty, or give me death,"

Congress signed the Declaration
Of the Independence of this Nation.

UNDAUNTED courage paved the way,
To the Republic of today.

The power of Federalized control,
Is centered in this Capitol.

Beneath the shadow of the dome,
Where the chosen members come

To sit in council and decree
Laws for the great Democracy.

North, South, East and West,
Are here in equal manifest.

EACH a quota of the whole,
That forms the masterful control.

Within these marble columns are
The arbiters of peace and war

The loom that weaves the webs that bind,
The high ideals of mankind.

These terraces and corridors,
"The citadel of Senators",

That echoed to the passing tread
Of Columbia's martyred dead

AND measured eloquence of tongue,
That through the Senate Chamber rung;

Trophies and relics in the hall
Where the whispering voices call;

Where the Goddess makes her home
On the apex of the dome;

Where the colors rise and fall
In beauty on the outer wall;

Where God's beneficence is seen
And Nature reigns, a royal queen;

HERE the Temple Literary,
The Congressional Library,

Rises with a gold crowned crest,
In Columbia's Eagle's nest;

Carved alabaster marble hall,
Ripe mosaic frescoed wall;

Wise philosophers and sages,
From the aeons of the ages,

Ancient gods and muses vie
With the great modernity.

The City Beautiful

BELOVED o'er the world, *our own*,
Columbia's city, Washington.

The sun shines brighter from his throne,
The moon has e'en a mellower tone.

The stars are earthward bent, to shine
On all the beauties that are thine.

Potomac croons a mother's song,
To soothe thee, as she winds along.

The City Beautiful, thy name
Enriches all the hosts of fame.

THE people's homes and altar fires,
The churches, with their star-tipped spires;

The avenues, where trees parade,
In plumed emerald brigade;

Federal buildings, treasure stored,
With their overflowing hoard;

Numerous parks, in verdure dressed,
That woo the wayfarer to rest;

Statues, that commemorate
Some circumstance of high estate.

THE monument, a towering might,
An obelisk of Parian white,

Pointing heavenward over all
The sacred precints of the Mall;

Here Alpheus his vigil keeps
Where Potomac winding sweeps.

GRAND parades march in review
On Pennsylvania Avenue.

Where the White House, residence
Of Columbia's Presidents,

Mutely welcomes each new host,
Nor seems to favor one the most.

Here Deans of the Diplomacy
Are guests of the Democracy.

THE romance of Colonial days,
Interspersed with tragedies,

When Washington in buff and blue,
Wore powdered wig and buckled shoe;

And those days at Yorktown when
Von Steuben drilled our countrymen

LOYAL millions venerate
A deified Triumvirate.

No monarch seated on a throne
Had pedestal like Washington.

Lincoln! the apotheosis
Of Columbia's dire distress;

Grant, the Mars of Civil War,
Was greater than an emperor.

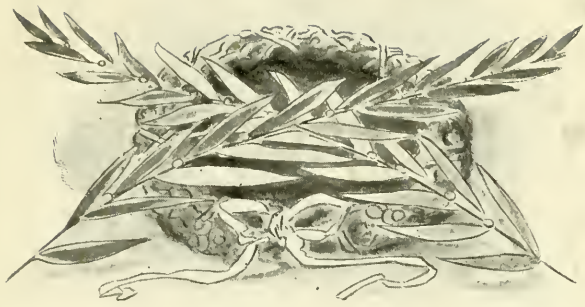
Their years are as the yesterdays;
Their deeds are as the centuries.

MOUNT Vernon in memoria keeps
Watch where Washington now sleeps:

Where the aeolian of regret
Still sighs the name of La Fayette;

While the boom of martial gun
Awakes the dawn at Arlington,

Once the home of General Lee
Pride of the Confederacy.



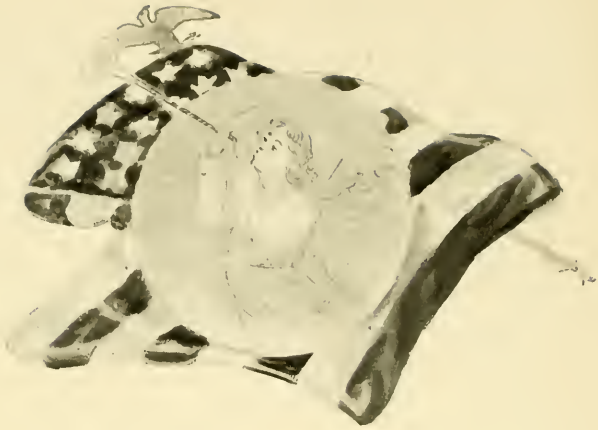
WHEN fulfillment of thy mission
Ripens into strong fruition;

When thy praises have been sung
By every language of the tongue,

By the stranger on thy shore,
Welcomed through the open door;

By those Islands of the sea,
Uplifted to their Liberty;

When Candida's Dove of Peace
Yields the War Gods full surcease;



WHEN "the city beautiful" shall bend
To L'Enfant's classic trend;

When politics from fraud are purged,
And brotherhood of man is urged;

Then will the god's arch deities,
Chaunt the anthem of thy praise:

Jehovah's choirs with joy acclaim,
The lasting triumph of thy name;

And every voice on land and sea,
Will hail the Flag of Liberty.

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